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IN MEMORY

OF

JAMES M. COMLY.



Class

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Samuel Hay Kauffmann



James M. Bouley.

IN MEMORIAM.

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JAMES M. COMLY.

JAMES M. COMLY.

BORN MARCH 6, 1832.

DIED JULY 26, 1887.

“Knowing General Comly intimately more than twenty-five years, and especially having lived by his side, day and night, during almost the whole of the war, it would be strange, indeed, if I did not deem it a privilege and a labor of love to unite with his comrades in strewing flowers on the grave of one whose talents and achievements were so ample and so admirable, and whose life and character were rounded to a completeness rarely found among the best and most gifted of men.”

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

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“Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
He’er carried a heart stain away on its blade.”

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES M. COMLY, journalist, was descended from a Pennsylvania family of Friends, the ancestor of whom, Henry Comly, came to Philadelphia with William Penn, in 1682. The grandfather of the subject of this sketch, James, settled in Ohio in 1804, and some years after the war of 1812, located where the town of New Lexington now stands, which town he and his brother laid out. His son, Bezaleel Welles Comly, here married Margaret Jane Stewart, born in Maryland, of whom James M. was born, in Perry County, Ohio, March 6, 1832.

He was educated chiefly in the public schools of Columbus, and studied law with Christopher P. Wolcott, Attorney-General. Admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court in 1859, after a special examination claimed by himself and a comrade, he had the honor of being sworn in open court by Chief Justice Swan. He practiced his profession successfully until June, 1861, when he entered the service of the United States as a private soldier, and was elected Lieutenant by his company. This company did independent guard duty on the border of West Virginia for some months, developing some excellent officers, afterward prominent in the war.

On the 12th of August, 1861, Lieutenant Comly accepted the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Forty-Third Ohio Volunteers. After

some time engaged in duty at Camp Chase, he became impatient for more active service, and begged an exchange with lower rank into some regiment in the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Matthews, of the Twenty-Third Ohio, having been promoted to Colonel of another regiment, Major Rutherford B. Hayes, of the Twenty-Third, was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and Lieutenant-Colonel Comly was appointed to the vacancy, and was mustered in as Major of the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteers, at Camp Ewing, on New River, in October, 1861.

In answering a request by the editor of "Ohio in the War." for material for a personal biography, General Comly replied :

"After I joined the Twenty-Third Regiment, I was fortunate in having superior officers who were most of the time in command of brigade or division, so that, as Major, and all the way up to my present rank, I was with my regiment in every action of every kind, and had it under my immediate command in every battle in which it was engaged, after I joined it, during the entire war, except for a short time on the morning of the battle of South Mountain, where I was second in command until Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes was wounded—Colonel Scammon being in command of the Kanawha division. The regiment was a good one. I desire no better military record than to have been with it, and worthy to command it."

In regard to his military career, it is indissolubly interwoven with the history of his regiment, the Twenty-Third Ohio, which in point of service and patriotic valor stands in the van of Ohio regiments, and with which were connected such men as ex-

President Hayes, Hon. Stanley Matthews, Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, and others, distinguished in the annals of their country. He received his commission as Major of the Twenty-Third on the 28th of October, 1861, was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, October 28, 1862, and promoted to Colonel October 19, 1864. Reid's history of the Twenty-Third shows that the winter of 1861 was devoted to recruiting, drill and discipline. On the 31st of December, 1861, two companies joined a detachment under Major Comly and occupied Raleigh C. H., West Virginia, without opposition. They captured a quantity of supplies, 27 prisoners and over 300 stand of arms. Two more companies were added to this detachment, and on the 10th of February, 1862, Major Comly marched his command from Raleigh C. H. to the mouth of Blue Stone River, twenty-eight miles, through a snow storm, driving a regiment of the enemy's infantry and a force of cavalry, with considerable loss, across the river, capturing their camps, tents and forage. The detachment received the thanks of General Rosecrans, commanding the department, in general orders, for its bravery and efficiency.

In the latter part of August, 1862, the regiment was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and went into the battle of South Mountain, culminating in the great battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September, in both of which the Twenty-Third participated.

In the battle of South Mountain this regiment was the advance of the column, and was the first infantry engaged. The enemy, posted behind stone walls, in greatly superior force, poured a most destructive fire of musketry, grape and canister into

its ranks, in a very short space of time. Here Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Hayes, commanding, had his arm broken, and Captain Skiles and three Lieutenants were badly wounded, while over 100 dead and wounded lay on the field out of the 350 of the regiment, who went into the action. The command here devolved upon Major Comly and remained with him from that time forward. The remainder of the day the remnant of the regiment, led by Major Comly, made four splendid charges, three of which were with the bayonet, and in each of which the enemy was driven back with heavy loss.

During that terrible day the Twenty-Third lost nearly two hundred men, of whom almost one-fourth were either killed on the field or afterwards died of their wounds. The regimental colors were riddled and the blue field almost completely carried away by shot and shell.

In the great battle of Antietam the colors of the regiment were shot down, and after a moment's delay they were planted by Major Comly on a new line, at right angles with the former line, and without awaiting further order, fire was opened, before which the enemy was compelled to retire.

On the 15th of October, 1862, the regiment arrived at Clarksburg, Virginia, where a change in the command was made. Lieutenant-Colonel Hayes was appointed Colonel and Major Comly promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. The division was ordered to the Kanawha Valley, and on the 18th of November, the Twenty-Third went into winter quarters at the Falls of the Great Kanawha, having marched during that campaign about 600 miles.

But it is unnecessary to follow the fortunes

and misfortunes of this gallant command, month after month and year after year, engaged as it was in forced marches, fierce skirmishes, hotly contested battles, and all the hardships and struggles and privations incident to an army in an enemy's country.

On the 24th of July, 1864, a battle was fought at Winchester, Virginia, in which the Union forces were defeated and after an all-day contest, the Twenty-Third lost 153 men, ten of whom were commissioned officers. In this action Lieutenant-Colonel Comly and many others were wounded. Subsequently in that campaign, the Twenty-Third did heroic work and effective execution, engaged as it was in march, skirmish and fight, with almost uninterrupted success. Among the engagements that followed in rapid succession during that campaign may be mentioned the battle of Berryville, of Opequan, North Mountain and Cedar Creek, culminating in that great contest with General Early, rendered famous by the ride of Sheridan, who arrived in time to snatch victory from defeat.

General Comly shared all the hardships and triumphs of his regiment, and on the 1st of January, 1865, was promoted from Lieutenant-Colonel to Colonel, the commission dating from October 19th, 1864. The regiment was mustered out at Cumberland, on the 26th of July, 1865, after the collapse of the Southern Confederacy and the surrender of their forces.

In October, 1865, he became editor and senior proprietor of the Ohio State Journal, which position he held until sent to the Hawaiian Islands, in 1877. He still retained an interest in the paper while he

occupied the position of Minister at Honolulu. As editor of the *State Journal*, he labored zealously for the success of the Republican party. While claiming and conceding the utmost independence and individuality of personal opinion, he held that no line of civil policy and a republican government can be maintained in any other way than through party organization; he held that the Republican party represented the best and noblest interests and aspirations of the country, and was proud to have the *State Journal* designated as the "central organ" of that party in Ohio, at the same time claiming as much "independence" as the non-partisan newspapers. This claim has been recognized and generously conceded by the ablest of the independent press.

The period covered by this editorial service was the most difficult in the history of journalism. The novel issues arising out of the war of the Rebellion had all to be met, and it was long before public sentiment—even party sentiment—fused into something like unity and decision, under the ceaseless purging and moulding of the press of the country. The young journalist who came to the front in those days must have opinions, and decided opinions; he must be quick and prompt to decide under the most perplexing sudden exigencies, or he went to the rear. New questions in the progress of reconstruction were arising every day: the breach between Andrew Johnson and the Republican party opened and widened; party leaders were distracted at times, and knew not whether security or danger lay this way or that. The whole future of the country depended upon the first steps, then inexorably

pressing for decision, in the reconstruction of the Union : the rights of the States lately in Rebellion ; the question of suffrage for late slaves and late rebels in arms ; irreversible guarantees for the freedom of the race redeemed from bondage ; the security of the public debt and its honest payment in coin ; the redemption of the greenbacks, and the uphill road back to a stable currency of unchanging value ; the national bank currency ; the tariff, internal revenue and a thousand novel and perplexing questions of the gravest moment.

These questions were apt to present sudden and anxious complications, as the news came over the wires at night, and the journal which was not ready the next morning with an opinion more or less wise on the new aspect of things could have no voice in public affairs. The State Journal maintained itself creditably during this anxious period in the history of the country, and gained additional power and influence as an independent organ of the Republican party.

General Comly was appointed Postmaster of Columbus, by President Grant, in 1870. His reappointment was petitioned for by the State Executive Committees of the Republican, Democratic and Liberal parties, by the editors and proprietors of every newspaper in Columbus, by the President of the City Council, the President and members of the Board of Trade, and by the leading bankers and other business men, without distinction of party. He was reappointed.

In 1877 he was appointed, by President Hayes, Minister to the Hawaiian Islands. When he was about to leave for Honolulu, a banquet was tendered

him by the Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, Senator Thurman, the editor of the leading Democratic newspaper, and others, without distinction of party.

During his sojourn of five years at Honolulu, as Minister resident, from September, 1877, to August, 1882, although the duties of the position at that time were peculiarly trying, requiring an unusual degree of circumspection, he discharged them in such a way as to acquire the respect and approbation of all parties interested. He shaped the policy of his government in a manner which gained the special good will of the Hawaiian court, while bringing forward measures for the protection of American interests, which were particularly commended by the home government. On the eve of his departure for the United States from Honolulu a reception was given for him which evidenced the esteem in which he was held amongst all classes and all nationalities. A banquet was also tendered him by the American residents, at which the feeling demonstrated was such as can only be felt by fellow-countrymen in a strange land.

The following appeared in the Hawaiian Gazette of August 30th, 1882:

“By the departure of General Comly, the United States citizens here lose an efficient representative of their country and one who at the same time was friendly to little Hawaii, and was anxious when it lay in his power to lend it a helping hand. He has ever been a consistent friend of the “treaty.” Where he has thought it wise, he has interfered in our domestic affairs. On one great occasion the General, in concert with his diplomatic colleagues, took a

step, which by its promptitude, overthrew the calculation of the wily adventurer, Moreno, and sent him out of the Cabinet and out of the country, thus helping by peaceful means to a solution of a difficulty, which it might otherwise have been necessary to solve by sterner and more unpleasant measures.

“But it is not in their public capacity that we like to dwell upon the memory of our friends, however useful, however brilliant the career may have been. The influence of General and Mrs. Comly socially, was very great; it was not the influence of so-called leaders of fashion; it did not lie in ostentation or frivolity; it lay in the charm of that home life, the beautiful home life, which made their little home circle an example to all of us here. The number of General Comly’s friends in this city and this country is very large; it counts among its numbers people of wealth and position, but it also counts the young, and the General may feel proud that while busied with the affairs of State, he has been able to unbend enough to win to himself so many of our youth.

“We all of us part from the General and his family with regret: we all look forward to hearing of their future success. We hope that the General’s political party in the United States may again have the support of that ever ready and trenchant pen which has done such yeoman service already; we all wish them every happiness in their new home, and we would like them to think that their memory

will long linger among us: that to use the words of Moore,

“Long, long may our hearts with such mem’ries be filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

And so adieu, and bon voyage.”

On his return to Columbus, the Journal having been sold, negotiations were opened with the proprietors of the Toledo Commercial, which resulted in the purchase of that paper by General Comly, his former partner, A. W. Francisco, and A. E. Lee, ex-Consul General at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His return to the press of Ohio was heralded with enthusiastic greeting from every part of the State, and beyond, without distinction as to politics or party.

In 1863, he married Elizabeth Marian Smith, daughter of Susan E. and Dr. Samuel M. Smith, Surgeon-General of Ohio during the war. Mrs. Smith was a daughter of Gen. Charles Anthony and Elizabeth Evans, of Springfield. Dr. Smith was a son of Samuel Smith and Margaret Mitchell, of Greenfield, Highland County, Ohio.

General Comly had five children: two of whom died in infancy. His surviving children are:

Guy Stuart Comly, born April 30, 1864, Susie Anthony Comly, born November 26, 1865, Smith Mitchell Comly, born October 7, 1868.

A VIEW OF HIS CHARACTER.

JAMES M. COMLY was, first of all, a journalist. Even in his earliest years, his inclination led him in that direction. While a mere boy in the office of the Ohio State Journal, he was a frequent contributor to its columns, at first anonymously, but later in his own person. It is related that while he was still a compositor at the case, he controverted a position assumed by a leading politician of the State in the columns of the Ohio State Journal with so much strength and clearness that his opponent inquired in astonishment who had written the article, supposing it to have been done by some old and experienced writer. At this period of his life, while earning his daily bread, he was laboriously engaged in his self-education. The State library was his field and he labored in it constantly, and over a wide diversity of subjects. In the congenial circle of friends attracted to him at that time were several who have since attained distinction in literature, in the pulpit and in the business world. While zealously and constantly pursuing his studies, he continued to write for publication, and made advancement towards distinction and reputation. He had studied law and had been admitted to the bar when the signs of the approaching civil outbreak gave warning that service and sacrifice would soon

be required of every good citizen. That he might be fitted to do the best service in the new field upon which he saw himself about to enter, he studied military science and tactics with assiduity and laid the groundwork by which his later experience in the field ripened him into an accomplished and thorough soldier. The love and honor borne towards him all through his life by those who were his comrades during the four years of the war are a testimony to the high qualities of his courage and soldierly ability. It was after the close of the war and after being mustered out with a brevet rank of brigadier-general that he renewed the practice of the law for a time, and finally gave himself entirely to his chosen profession of journalism. It was by his uninterrupted labors in this field that he made himself known to the world as a warm-hearted, sympathetic and lovable man.

In the great volume of routine writing which fell to his lot as a conductor of a daily newspaper, there is of course much that is ephemeral. Some, even, that was a force in his success as a journalist, was of temporary interest and value. But there could be gleaned from the whole mass a volume of many pages of pure literature and permanent worth. His paragraphs especially contributed to his success and popularity. Many of these, pungent with wit, brilliant with polish, symmetrical and clear-cut and infused, generally, with a rollicking humor, are epigrams of abstract value which will stand.

As an instance of the widespread influence of his journalistic work, the following is an example: While he was Minister Resident of the United States

at Honolulu, a naval officer whose casual acquaintance he made, said: "General, when I first read this letter I never expected to make your acquaintance." He referred to a newspaper clipping which he took from his pocket-book, and which had come to his eye in reading a newspaper in China. It was a letter written by General Comly and published some time before in the United States.

He had always a certain reserve and dignity which have been mistaken by those who knew him but little for haughtiness. This was the result, rather, of an innate modesty, which was one of the most distinguishing traits of his character and which withheld him always from self-assertion, even to the extent of injustice to himself. He was not always ready of speech and it was only in the presence of full sympathy and intimacy that the warmth and depth of geniality of his nature fully manifested themselves. In such contact he disclosed himself a hearty believer and truster in the goodness of human nature, widely tolerant of errors and of opposing beliefs, and a sympathetic and ready helper for all trouble and misfortune. His sympathy and generous interest were a factor in the success of many lives. As a young man he was a trusted guide and helper to older heads, and as he himself grew older there grew up a bond between himself and a large following of younger men, always sure of sympathy and encouragement at his hands.

The full exercise of his qualities of generosity and unaffected self-sacrifice were limited only by the propriety and custom which restrict them to a degree within certain bounds of intimate associa-

tion, family ties or friendship. To this extent, he was honored by his associates for his unselfishness and integrity, and beloved by his friends for the warmth of his own frankly expressed regard and the helpfulness of his spirit. But it was given only to his own immediate family to look into the depth of his generous heart, to know the full measure of his unselfishness and to be infused with the reliance and trustfulness of his confiding soul. His faith and religion were withheld from the gaze of most, but they were deep and true.

He was widely beloved, but the qualities which made him so were shown in their full perfection only to those who knew him as a tender and solicitous father and an unselfish and devoted husband.

G. S. C.



ADDRESS BY
EX-PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

At the Reunion of the Army of West Virginia, at Wheeling.

Comrades of the Army of West Virginia:

SINCE we last met, a year ago, many of our comrades have gone to their reward. I do not undertake, even in the briefest way, to give sketches of the lives of our recent dead, or to make a catalogue of their names. Each had his own separate history and was the center of a circle which now mourns his loss. Our army reunions derive their chief interest from the opportunity they afford for the renewal of the social and friendly relations which grew up between comrades during the years of the war. But we have long since learned that as time passes our gladdest and heartiest greetings are more and more often tinged with sadness as the line of "the dead already" grows longer and longer. I therefore know full well, my comrades, that you will allow me to pause a moment on the threshold of this delightful reunion to lay a wreath on the bier of one who was widely known and loved as a shining and inspiring example of the typical American volunteer soldier.

General James Monroe Comly was identified, from the beginning to the end of the war, with the Army of West Virginia. His whole service was in "the old Kanawha Division." During almost three

years he commanded as lieutenant-colonel and colonel of one of the very conspicuous and fortunate regiments of the war—the Twenty-Third Ohio infantry. He died less than a month ago, July 26, at his home in Toledo, Ohio, with all the members of his family—his wife, his two sons and his daughter—at his bedside, and in a city filled with his admirers, friends and comrades.

Knowing General Comly intimately more than twenty-five years, and especially having lived by his side, day and night, during almost the whole of the war, it would be strange, indeed, if I did not deem it a privilege and a labor of love to unite with his comrades in strewing flowers on the grave of one whose talents and achievements were so ample and so admirable, and whose life and character were rounded to a completeness rarely found among the best and most gifted of men.

General Comly's profession was journalism. He was fond of it and proud of it. He had full faith in it. He believed that there was no other walk of peaceful life in which he could render such useful and honorable service to the world. In his judgment and heart, work on his newspaper was second only in opportunity and worth to life on the battle-field in the service of his country. During a large part of his years of activity he was the editor of a political daily newspaper and gave to it the full measure of his intellectual powers. How well he was equipped for this work! He was, in the best sense of the word, a scholar. Good books were his intimate friends. He knew thoroughly our country's history. He was master of pure, wholesome English. His wit made him famous. Halstead, speaking of

him, said. "His paragraphs and epithets are as sharp as a razor, and they stick like a fish hook." This dangerous faculty—often fatal to friendship—was in his case so controlled by the unerring instincts of the gentleman, and tempered by his sincerity, large heartedness and manliness that he constantly won the esteem and good will of his adversaries. Perhaps the fittest eulogium one can pronounce on our beloved comrade is to quote a few of the tributes to his character by his brethren, some of them opponents and rivals in the profession of his choice. Remember as I read them that General Comly was engaged sharply, and with a bold and combative spirit, in all the partisan conflicts of his time. What a noble and lovable nature he had to be able to leave on friends and foes alike such an impression as these sentences express!

I quote from the Cincinnati Enquirer :

"In the death of Gen. James M. Comly, editor and proprietor of the Toledo Commercial, Ohio has lost another of her illustrious sons. The General's war record was that of a brave and honorable soldier, beloved by his men. As a servant of the public, he filled the various offices he was appointed to with honor and credit, while, as a journalist, he was recognized as one of the brightest and cleverest in the State."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer said :

"During the rebellion he served in the army with bravery and fidelity. After the war he assumed the editorship of the Columbus Journal and became widely known for his short, witty editorial paragraphs. For several years we crossed pens with

General Comly upon public questions and had some sharp controversies with him, but never of a personal nature. and in our frequent meetings the 'shop' was dropped and our relations were of a pleasant character. He was of a kindly and generous disposition, and while a strict partisan, would never do any injustice to a political foe."

Mr. Henry T. Niles, of Toledo, politically opposed to General Comly, but a personal friend, says: "He was recognized by all as a true man, a good and valuable citizen, and an earnest and intelligent worker for the good and prosperity of this city of his adoption.

"General Comly was a strong partisan, and in his party warfare his weapons were well tempered steel wielded by a strong arm and with well aimed blows, yet no tinge of party bitterness follows him to the grave.

"Why? Because while having strong and honest convictions himself, he recognized the fact that others with equally strong and honest convictions might differ from him, and while a partisan he remained a gentleman.

"General Comly has been connected with the public press almost from boyhood, and has always lived in the public eye, and yet the sharpest eye has never detected spot or blemish, and no man more thoroughly possessed the confidence and respect of all."

Col. Donn Piatt writes:

"Such a combination as he possessed of gentleness and courage, wisdom and toleration, I never before encountered. With all his perfect manhood,

that kept his life upon a higher plane of duty, he was yet so lovable, that we less perfect lost the sense of the rebuke of his purer life, in the affections his generous nature engendered."

His political friends in the profession dwelt lovingly on his noble traits of character.

The Bucyrus Journal says:

"But bright as his professional talents, his military record, and his official services were, they were as nothing beside his character as a man. Genial, charitable in his judgments, kindly disposed to all, an invaluable friend, a generous adversary, a manly man with a womanly grace and tenderness, he was pre-eminently a lovable Christian gentleman. In his death, at his prime, only 56 years old, the press of the State loses its brightest ornament and many of its members an admired, profoundly respected, and invaluable friend."

Comrade McElroy, of the National Tribune, says:

"He had in a high degree all the good qualities of our race. Brilliant in intellect, brave of soul, true of heart, loyal, unselfish and steadfast, he was a man whom all that knew him admired as well as loved. His was a character unusually well rounded. Where many men seem only at their best when viewed from certain standpoints, he seemed at his best from whatever point he was viewed. He was a brilliant journalist, a thorough soldier, a competent business man, a successful diplomat, and a devoted husband and father."

The Toledo Blade says:

"General Comly's reputation is by no means a purely local one. For more than a quarter of a

century he has taken a prominent position in the State and country. First as a brave soldier, winning laurels upon the battle-field, and later as a fearless journalist, who not only had a keen understanding of the questions of the hour, but always expressed his convictions boldly, and maintained them in the face of any or all opposers. As a diplomat during the time he represented this country in Honolulu he won marked distinction and was officially complimented for the ability which he displayed.

“Yet it was in his chosen profession of journalism that he made his greatest and most lasting reputation, and during his connection with the *Ohio State Journal*, of which he was at the head for many years. During that period after the war, which was one of opportunities in which talent and energy guiding the pen made marked impression, he succeeded in maintaining the standing of loyalty and patriotism that had been established by his conduct as a soldier. His mistakes were rare, but when he made them, he stood by the consequences manfully.

“Of his public career no more need be said. Elsewhere the details are given in full. Of his private life, its beauty and integrity, much might be written. He was a gentleman of the old school, loyal in his friendships, outspoken and open in his enmities, but always and everywhere a gentleman. His brilliant social qualities were tempered by a shrinking reserve that carried with it, to those who did not know him well, a suggestion of haughtiness, but no man was further from aught of that kind.

“He has gone—a man able, honest, gallant, generous and true, the loving husband and father, the

useful citizen, gone in the prime of his manhood, but leaving an unfading memory behind him of honorable, upright living, that will rest as a benison upon those who so sadly mourn his departure."

The following dispatch to Mrs. Comly—one out of a large number from men of every honorable walk in life—is selected because it calls significantly to mind the sterling gold in General Comly's character:

DETROIT, MICH., July 27, 1887.

"MRS. GEN. COMLY: Your bereavement is shared by every one who ever worked for General Comly. He possessed the rare quality of being at once employer and friend."

Those of us who saw him in many a trying scene, when he was tested by weariness and sickness, by discouragement and defeat, by responsibility and deadly peril: who knew him as men know each other who for years have been comrades in war, do not need to be told of his merits as a soldier. His comrades of the Army of West Virginia remember him at Antietam when he strengthened the weakened line by seizing the flag, which had fallen to the earth from the hands of the dying color bearer, and holding it "still full high advanced" against the exulting columns that vainly tried to capture it and pull it down. We recall him in the very pinch of Sheridan's victory of Winchester gallantly leading his regiment across the sanguinary slough that protected the left of Early's army. We know how he loved his regiment: how proud he was of "the old Kanawha Division:" and with what satisfaction he wore the badge of the Army of West Virginia. With many of us, General Comly will always be a

brilliant and conspicuous figure in the most precious recollections of the most interesting period of our lives.

As he drew near the end, we rejoice to know that "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Calmly, bravely, and with an unfaltering trust he approached and met the great change. His last sickness was long and full of suffering. But his courage, cheerfulness and sweetness of temper never for a moment failed. He was accustomed to dwell on the deepest questions that arise in sober minds near the close of life.

Speaking of human suffering to a friend he said :

"I think bodily suffering, to the thoughtful person, is not an unmixed evil. It broadens and deepens our sympathies, makes us more charitable, and strengthens every better element of our nature. We may come out of such suffering stronger and better if we take the right view of things and regard these afflictions as the chastening rod."

Touching his faith as to the future, he wrote :

"Atheism leaves no hope. All is evil, and evil continually—evil eternally. It leaves no hereafter, where all things may be made even. It abandons reason as well as hope.

"Reason teaches us that the whole universe is subject to law ; that there can be no law without a supreme power ordaining it. And faith teaches us that this supreme power must be infinite in intelligence, goodness and truth. It cannot create merely to destroy. It cannot inflict pain and suffering and death in sheer wantonness of power. Every birth is consummated with pain and agony—every birth is

a severance of the ties of life—which bind to a former state of existence, and the *letting go* is abhorrent to the law of being. Yet the new birth is a resurrection into a higher form of life. Death is birth—death can only be a resurrection into a new life, higher, better and more glorious.”

NOTE.—The above eulogy was also pronounced at the annual reunion of the Twenty-Third Regiment, O. V. I., at Lakeside, Ohio.



SELECTIONS FROM GENERAL COMLY'S WRITINGS.

A NIGHT IN A SLEEPING CAR.

[From a Letter from Cincinnati to the Toledo Commercial.]

DID you ever notice what a variety of notes the snorers have in a sleeping car? If you cannot sleep, and will but seek amusement instead of discomfort, you will find an analysis of this tone language very entertaining. It has more variations of time, tone, melody and harmony than a sonata or symphony. I amused myself very satisfactorily in taking to pieces and individualizing the discordant harmonies which issued from the noses of our unconscious fellow-travelers, during some of the stops when the noise of the train ceased, and the pattering staccato of the rain accompanied, without drowning, the nasal chorus.

An upper berth passenger, who must have been a person of spare habit, with a high, sharp nose, gave whistling and cheerful little cricket-on-the-hearth notes like "peep! peep! peep." From the under berth, and a more expansive and belligerent organ, came a vicious, syncopated, slow accompaniment of "snork! snork! snork!" A deep, mellow, long drawn "whoome! whoome! whoome!" from the next section, harmonized and consolidated the peep and the snork, and was in turn punctuated in the upper berth, by a nervous and quick "ex-ij-jy! ex-ij-jy! ex-ij-jy!" repeated with pertinacious

and disconcerting energy. Somewhere near, and combining with these, came a laborious, long drawn, struggling, forcepump note, calculated to awaken the liveliest apprehensions of premature suffocation, like “um-mee-ee-ze ! um-mee-ee-ze !” indefinitely repeated, mingled with obligato passages of fugitive clutching after the departing breath, still further vivified to the horrified sense of the listener by another performer in the nasal overture, who at frequent intervals interjected despairing catches of “spip-pip-pip-um-m-m-mop-bzzzzh !” interspersed with “sfit-sfit-sfit—boom, boom,—peeze ! peeze ! scatter-whuchy !” At a longer pause than usual—probably at Dayton, as I heard them testing the car wheels—the cessation of all ordinary motion, and the substitution of the pounding of the wheels, seemed to awaken the desire for original and startling effects among the orchestra. Among the more feeble efforts of the performers already mentioned, there arose the mighty diapason of a snorer, of the largest tonnage and bottom, whom I had seen (not without apprehension) stored in an upper berth, through the united exertions of himself, the conductor and the porter, with the assistance of a stepladder, which creaked and trembled under the burden. I had been listening in an excited state for the note of that thundering pedal bass, and now it burst forth in all its grandeur, scattering the elements and silencing the whole orchestra, as if a Javan earthquake had lit among them. The upheaval was beyond the power of language or letters, but this may give some faint idea of the event : “Whoome ! um-mee-ee-eeze ! Osh-osh-osh-kosh-kosh ! tumble-gubble-gubble ! rip ! snip-pip ! sxysbss—SNORK !”

I have read somewhere, lately, an ingenious story, professing to be the yarn of an American sailor in Chinese waters, describing altogether the most novel and effective catastrophe I have ever read in fiction. There was a shipmate of the relator—who is, of course, a mysterious personage, but avows himself darkly as a late manipulator of dynamite in the Oil region of Pennsylvania, when the skipper is at his wit's end how to shift a lot of dynamite on board, without blowing up the whole Pacific Ocean. The ship having arrived at a Chinese port in safety, finds the whole population celebrating some national holiday, which I have no hesitation in naming the “Konohee” or Chinese New Year, which lasts from three to five days. Without going into all the thrilling details of this veracious story, it is sufficient for my present purpose to say that one day during the “Konohee,” when the dynamiter and the relator had “ship's liberty” on shore the relator and tens of thousands of “pig tails” saw to their most exquisite horror, on the tip-top of the high porcelain tower for which the Chinese city is famous, the reckless dynamite sailor, standing on his head and executing other blood-curdling flipflaps, taking between times long draughts from a black bottle of Kentucky bourbon. Suddenly he takes up a can, which he had stolen from the ship, and drinks a quart or so of nitro-glycerine, and hurls the can down among the shrieking multitude; then empties his black bottle of Kentucky Bourbon, and hurls it down; then hurls himself down, from the dizzy height, and as his body strikes, the dynamite explodes, and scatters his remains all over the Chinese Empire.

This narrative is the only thing I know of, in

literary remains, that can adequately illustrate the effects of the final "snork" of that colossal snorer.

—And after that the only sound that teased the ear of the traveler was the "tee-tucka! tee-tucka!" of the wheels, and the cheerful drizzle of the rain, which meant to show Cincinnati that 1884 could give 1883 odds, and beat her in the game.

MAN AND HIS DRINK.

[A Letter from Put-in-Bay to the Ohio State Journal.]

PUT-IN-BAY, JULY 27, 1874.

Men and hyenas are the only animals who laugh. This fact is considered very important, I believe, by the anti-Darwinians. Men and crocodiles are also the only animals who shed tears. Moved by the spirit of philosophical research, I desire to suggest that man is also the only animal who drinks Catawba cobbles. Until Mr. Darwin proves that the ancestral monkey was addicted to mixed drinks, he cannot make out a clear case of development of the human species. Catawba cobbles are to be counted among the peculiar characteristics of mankind. So long as the hyena laughs and the crocodile sheds tears, I do not see how we are to avoid the conclusion that cocktails are even a more distinctly human attribute than laughing or weeping, for it is an attribute shared by no other animal. If I have unconsciously stumbled upon a great anthropological fact here, it is most cheerfully placed at Mr. Darwin's service for his next book.

The fact is, no one can stay here long without

seeing that man is a bibulous animal. There is a patriotic disposition on the part of most to try the native products of Ohio, on coming here for the first time. The elation of these patriots for the first day or so is a glorious tribute to our noble State: their bowel complaints for the next day or so are a tribute, equally glorious, to the medical staff on the Island. Not that these native wines are any more harmful in moderation than cider or moderately vigorous beer or ale: but, like any other change of diet, they demand progressive, instead of violent revolutionary measures. (The sisters would make a great mistake to suppose that I am speaking from experience, instead of observation. I have not tasted native wine since my arrival here. It is a very reprehensible practice to drink native wine—particularly when one can get good lager beer or Hennessy brandy). I would advise all persons coming to the Island to drink as little of the native wines (or anything else) as possible, between meals. A little wine at table is all any one can take profitably. There is a very nice red wine (Va. Seedling) for fish, and still or sparkling Catawba for meats. Better still, there are coffee, cold tea and milk, or the best of ice water. Or, there are the heavier English table drinks, of porter (stout), beer, ale, and the like, which are easier to digestion here than where there are fewer cool breezes.

The American habit is to drink between meals, for stimulant effect. The only rational way of using wines, beer, ale, porter, or other beverages, is to use them at meal time. If one's digestion is perfect, his nerves steel and his muscles iron, my own private opinion is that he is foolish to "drink" at any time.

He needs wine as little as he does iron, quinine, or any other tonic. The misery is that youngsters whose digestion is all-powerful and all-consuming will swill all kinds of intoxicating stuffs, for the excitement solely. They come here and addle their small brains with drink, and then come reeling to bed in the small hours, making shameful exhibitions of the vulgarity and beastly animal nature which they might have concealed if they had remained sober. No such man can be a true gentleman, but he need not be so arduously vulgar and so determinedly ungentlemanly without the inspiration of drink. Under any circumstances he will smoke in a lady's face, splotch her dress with filthy saliva, swear at the waiters, and bully all weak things. But, unrestrained by drink, his common training would prevent him yelling along the corridors at night, frightening all the women, wakening all the children, and generally revealing his natural coarseness and vulgarity, without any covering.

I don't mean the merry fellows, who are never more courteous gentlemen than when wine has stolen their brains. But there is an animal that seems to pervade all watering places and other leisurely assemblages, which confounds noise with fun, and mistakes mere destructiveness for the highest human enjoyment. Given two or three such animals, with all the animal instincts stimulated, and the quotient will be, brutish howls, broken furniture, and midnight made hideous. The same animals if not already so, will be in after years street brawlers, wife beaters, everything that the instinct of destructiveness can make of them. There are tender hearted creatures that cannot dis-

tinguish between the noisy merry fellow and the howling animal I have described. They mistake the animal for the other fellow; they cover the marks of his brute claws, and smother the howls of his brute voice, and hope that both are mere follies of youth. Fond mothers and sisters do this, hoping against hope. Fonder somebody-else's sisters do this, because their hearts lead them so to do; and they would cover the animal up in their soft bosoms and smile while their hearts were eaten out by it.

For the young animal is often of a lithe and graceful form—as all the most treacherous and perfidious animals are. And what woman could ever resist youthful grace and beauty, even knowing claws to be concealed under the velvet? They take the animal to their bosoms in the kitten age, not knowing what a great, vulgar, coarse-grained brute it will grow up, or what impurities it will void upon them in after years.

So the dear Ingenua, who is guileless and unsuspecting as Little Red Riding-hood, goes through the forest of life, meeting many ravening wolves, and not knowing them to be wolves. To drop the figure, my dear Ingenua, you will find one of these men with animal natures, *au fait* in all the little nameless gallantries of social life, and with a spice of badness which your woman's nature will long to take out of him by means of that minstrelsy which

—took up the harp of Life and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

—But dear girl, such minstrelsy will fall as dead on his meaty, sensual ears, as the music of Orpheus at a pumpkin show. In such cases it is the minstrel

who is destroyed—the siren voice charms its own destruction. Distrust any man who is unkind or ungentle to any weak thing of all God's creatures. Lean with the utter abandon of perfect trust upon the loyal nature that scorns subterfuge and chicane—scorns to do anything unworthy its own highest respect. There is hope in the darkest hour for the man who would no more lie than he would commit murder. He may be a poor, battered, shapeless hulk: a mere wreck, with all gone except this: if he has motive power enough to drift a log, and has this compass of truth, there is hope for him.

—Excuse me, dear girl, if I bore you with my prosing, after the manner of oldsters. I cannot make you see the *mise en scene*, on which the figures are passing before the mind's eye as I speak—the figures of a tragedy more thrilling than any cunningly devised fable of art, where a soul went down. The painters in this scene have done their work with supernatural accuracy: the scene shifts work like shuddering ghosts, moving and reconstructing as noiselessly as dissolving views. There is nothing in earth, air or water to equal the startling nature of all the movements and effects. While it is thrilling me with horrible realism, I am prosing to you of its morals, and you see nothing of the scenery. It is all very tame and spiritless, and you are sighing to get away to your ball-room mutton. The music is playing—the Blue Danube—and you like waltzing. Good night, my dear girl. May you never see such a picture even in imagination.

IMPERSONALITY IN JOURNALISM.

[From the Mt. Vernon Banner, May 10, 1878.]

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,)
HONOLULU, 12th APRIL, 1878. }

My Dear Mr. Harper:

In thinking over old friends to-night, I am moved to drop you a line, hoping to provoke you into writing to me. I have an ever present reminder of you, in the beautiful cane presented by you on behalf of the Ohio Editorial Association. It is one of my most valued possessions and it occupies a conspicuous place in the legation. There is nothing in the way of honor and position that I covet so much as a good place in the regard of my confreres on the Ohio press. You will enter into my feelings when I tell you that I hope a short sojourn here may entirely restore my health, and permit me to return to many years of grateful service on that press. And I am more and more sure, the longer I live and the more I am withdrawn from the immediate influence of "the slings and arrows of outrageous" personalities in political journalism, that the highest type of journalism implies total abnegation of personal feeling and total absence of personal bickering, and absolute devotion to impartial truth, so far as it lies in human nature to be impartial and truthful. Surely I may have as high a respect and regard for my political opponent, who devotes himself to the right as God gives him to see the right, as I may have for my political co-worker; who can do more than this? We are all equally interested—selfishly interested, if you will—in doing what lies in our power for the good of our country

and of mankind. How small a matter is any one man's personal failings and shortcomings, by comparison with such interests as these? I know you must sympathize with these aspirations, and I hope to join with you hereafter in working for their realization.

Please let me hear from you, in a friendly, sociable way—and don't fear to discuss current political topics. For although I am prohibited from writing on such topics, I am not prohibited from reading the letters of friends, on either side.

With most cordial regard, I am,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES M. COMLY.

NOT A GOOD CANDIDATE.

From the Bucyrus Journal, November, 1882.

PARK HOTEL, COLUMBUS,)
NOVEMBER 17th, 1882.)

My Dear Hopley:

I have been so busy ever since my return from the Northwest that I have not been able sooner to acknowledge the kindness you have shown, in your mention of candidates for Governor. I would rather have such nice things said of me than be Governor. Not that I underrate the Governorship—it is a grand thing to be worthy and Governor of the great State of Ohio. But I would not make a good candidate. * * I could not dodge and sneak, like a Pinte on the war-path, to keep people from knowing how I stood on this or that; I should have to go it like the sinner in the Psalm: “Just as I

am, without one," etc. Now you will see, I could not go a week in the canvas this way, without being called a drunkard, a thief and a hoary-headed old assassin, who had lived most of the time on offices which were the reward of slanders heaped upon the holiest and purest men of the Democratic party. Then I would wish that I had never fallen so low as to be a candidate.

All the same, I thank you and the other kindest and best of friends who have said such comforting things. It would take a thousand years to hold all the good I feel over it.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES M. COMLY.

PRINTED POISON.

[The Toledo Telegram and Commercial, May 10th, 1883.]

Mothers of Toledo! Do you know what your boys are reading?

Many of you do. Perhaps most. There are homes made so pleasant to the boys that they do not care to wander away at night, seeking questionable amusements to fill the void left in their minds by uncongenial homes. Many a home has its refined circle, beyond which no member wishes to stray—where the evenings are filled with reading, music, study, and some refined amusement. Others leave their boys to struggle through their lessons in blank discouragement, and amuse each other with discontented teasing and quarreling after. Others again, many of them, don't know what becomes of the boys. They are street runners, gadabouts, drifting along

with the scum or sediment of the human stream—deposited in the slums or washed up with the drift-wood and foam.

There are many boys with as good natural points and tendencies as many others of whom great statesmen, divines, lawyers, physicians, and what not have been made in the past, who have gone down to worse than death in this turbid stream, for want of a helping hand to drag them forth and save them.

Are you shocked to have your boy take a glass of wine or beer? There is a certain amount of temptation in this, certainly—more especially if the boy has been taught that this is a sin of the same magnitude as the worst of crimes, and if he indulges in it as one of the stolen sweets, or forbidden pleasures. But it is not so much that which goes into the body, as that which goes into or comes out of the mind, that destroys. What does your boy take into his mind?

Every healthy, high spirited boy craves a certain amount of romance and daring. You might as well expect to bring your boy up on bran bread and water, and never satisfy his natural craving for nutritious food and sweets, as hope to bring him up on dry “solid” reading alone, and never satisfy his longing for tales of adventure and chivalry. The old boys had Froissart’s *Chronicles*, Scott’s novels, Cooper’s romances of wild Indian or ocean adventure. They whetted their chivalric tastes and longings on these—and there are few who will say that the race deteriorated under such training. There are plenty of modern boys’ books to take the place of these or supplement them; tales of hunting.

exploring, travel and adventure, without number. There are others that destroy soul and body. Tales that make vice attractive and crime heroic. Tales of highwaymen and wantons, harlots and thieves, that give no hint of the greedy selfishness and bald misery of a life of crime, but clothe it with the alluring graces of chivalry and heroic adventure.

There are scores of places in Toledo, as may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to look at the ostentatious display in the shop windows, where so called "literature" by the ton may be seen, with artistic pictorial embellishments, the very sight of which would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of any pure minded boy—or man. There are cart loads of publications that no self respecting person would have in his possession openly, any more than he would be seen on a public street arm-in-arm with a harlot or a thief.

Who reads these publications? How many readers are there for those other scarcely less vile publications, where vice is served up with hot seasoning, and crime is garnished with attractive sauce, to both provoke and destroy the natural appetite of the young for pure heroism and chivalry?

One can scarcely go into a street car without seeing some boy whose intellectual craving deserves better food, ducking down in one corner in absorbed perusal of some phallic tale of morbid love, some record of crime, some illustrated (and finely illustrated) "newspaper," filled with lascivious and suggestive pictures, and even more scandalous letter press. One can scarcely pass a seat in any of our small parks, or any lumber yard, or any sugar hogshead lying lazily in the sun, without seeing

boys stretched out reading cheaply covered books whose contents would be an unknown world to those who read this article.

It is the nature of boys to show such books to each other. What sort of companions does your boy have, on the street or at school? What do they read—what is he reading?

A FAREWELL HOPE.

New York Daily Tribune, Thursday, October 4, 1877.

Minister Comly wrote to some of the friends he left behind him, saying how much he was touched by the proposal to give him a farewell banquet. "In going away from Columbus," he writes, "for what I hope may be only a short time, I earnestly desire to leave no unpleasant or unfriendly feeling behind, on the part of any honorable man. If I have ever written an unkind or malevolent word, let that word be blotted out."

LETTER RETURNING THE REGIMENTAL COLORS.

Letter From Lieutenant-Colonel Comly.

The following brief, but explicit and expressive letter, which is characteristic of its author, accompanied the return of the colors:

HEADQUARTERS 23d OHIO VOL'S, }
CAMP NEAR STAUNTON, VA., JUNE 9, 1864. }

Brig.-General B. R. Cowen, Adjutant General of Ohio:

SIR: The original term of enlistment of this regiment being about to expire,—June 11th—and

men who have not re-enlisted having been ordered to Ohio to be mustered out, I forward the colors of the regiment for deposit, they being no longer in condition for field service. On behalf of the regiment I commit them to your charge. They have always been well to the front in battle, and are entitled to consideration. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. M. COMLY,

Lieut.-Col. Commanding.

GENERAL COWEN'S REPLY.

To the above what may not inappropriately be termed, considering the history of the colors, exceedingly modest communication, the Adjutant General has sent the following reply :

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF OHIO. }
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, COLUMBUS, JUNE 30th, 1864. }

Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Comly, Commanding 23d Ohio regiment.

COLONEL: It affords me much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt to-day of your letter of the 9th inst., transmitting the colors of the 23d Ohio regiment. These colors, marred by traitors, and torn by the storm of the fierce conflict in which you have been engaged, are far more beautiful to-day, than when three years ago you first bore them to the field. Beneath their folds your brave men have dealt sturdy blows against the rebellion, and many brave and generous hearts have been hushed in death. You may well say "they have always been

well to the front in battle," for the magnificent bayonet charge by the 23d at the battle of South Mountain is a matter of history, and will be looked on as one of the most brilliant episodes of the war. Through all your long and weary marches and scouts, in the very front, where bullets fell thickest, there were to be seen those hallowed colors, and no rebel hand was ever suffered to profane them with unholy touch.

For more than two years it has been my good fortune to be associated with the gallant Twenty-Third, and I esteem it one of the pleasantest recollections of the changing scenes of the war, that I have been well acquainted with so brave and noble a set of men.

God bless you, Colonel, one and all, and may you all safely return to your homes, to enjoy the plaudits of a grateful people. I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

B. R. COWEN,

Adjutant-General of Ohio.

SUFFRAGE AND EDUCATION.

Suffrage is a living stream that purifies all foul waters. They stagnate and become deadly only when dammed up and hedged in by prohibition and privilege. I have no fear that men will not be elevated in their aims and aspirations in proportion as they are free. Enlarge a man's possibilities, and his achievements will correspond in ratio. Give all citizens the ballot and all citizens will endeavor to

show themselves worthy of it, by educating themselves properly. It is a great accession to the personal pride and dignity and importance—the right of suffrage. Give a man the right to vote and he immediately sets about finding out how to vote, and that is the first thing in a liberal education.

A SUMMER DAY.

(Extract from a Letter from Honolulu, February, 1878.)

Did you ever walk along a meadow stream in June, with the shiners flashing back the summer sun—just warm enough—not hot, but about as warm, (say) as the New Jerusalem—walk along and catch here a whiff of violets, there a breath of milky fragrance from the ruminating cattle, then a swell of delirious rapture from the throat of some mocking bird, answered by a clear alert “Bob White” from the wheatfield near by—did you ever walk along so, watching the summer clouds drift lazily into every ravishing beauty of form or color possible to conceive, and bless the day to yourself with a sort of blissful awe, as if God was walking in the fields?

RESPONDEAT SUPERIOR.

I.

If all the Heavens were rolled together as a scroll,
And all the earth were sunless, starless, desolate and void,
With empty waters poured around a dreary waste of land,
Whose vacant, bare, primeval rocks threw back
Upon the desert atmosphere no sound,
Save dismal, lonely moanings from the solemn sea,—
Yet, would earth, atmosphere and sea,
Prove by the solid rocks and winds and waves
There must be God.

II.

Whence came this Earth, this atmosphere and sea?
By natural law? Whence came the law?
Where there is natural law, there must be God.
How can there be a law without a Power Supreme
Ordaining it? Is law a thing of chance?
Then is it no law, but imbecile unguided drifting,
Hither, thither, and yon.

III.

Oh, puny man!

Oh, midge of Time upon the ocean of Eternity—
A microscopic parasite upon this lump of Earth,
Which lies, the lightest sand upon the shoreless sea of space,
Thou dardest to say, There is no God, but only evolution,
Natural law or chance! Who ordained the law,
Developed man, and ruled the accidents of Chance?
Who guided evolution through formless void and chaos
In the uncoupled, awful silence of that darkness on the deep?
Who hung this little dog-cage earth so subtly
On the verge between centripetal-centrifugal,
That one small pebble, by an urchin tossed
From shore to sea, might shift the centre of the
Universe's gravity? Who taught this earth-clod,
Through eons of whirling ages to thread its way
Among the myriad worlds up-shining in the sky,
In all the vast infinity of space appalling?
Who held the hissing molten mass thrown into space,
And crushed its heaving hell-billows into shape;
Lighted up the darkness on the face of the deep,
And shaped the awful, desolate, formless void
For monstrous fish-and-lizard shapes primeval?
What brainless, soulless vis viva or vitalis
Prepared this circling globe to be the home of MAN?

Honolulu.

J. M. C.

NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

In the death of General James M. Comly, of the Toledo Commercial, Ohio loses one of her best newspaper men, one of her most incisive writers, and one of her most public-spirited citizens. With the exception of the four years spent abroad as United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, General Comly had been a hard worker in the newspaper field since 1865, and in the first ten years of his newspaper career he probably wrote as many pungent and striking paragraphs as any man in America. Where another man would write a column, Comly would think a column and put the thinking into half a dozen lines of crisp, hot words that would strike the object or person aimed at like a minie ball.

He was a self-made, scholarly man, and he had made his newspaper reputation when his friendship for Gov. Hayes brought him prominently into the political campaign of 1876. After the election he was one of the advisers of the President-elect, and was present at the famous interview in which Major Burke spoke for the Democrats of the South. Gen. Comly went to the Sandwich Islands with the hope that the climate would restore his health, which had failed under the strain of newspaper work, and he returned in 1881 to take up newspaper work

again, and to widen the circle of his cordial and earnest friends among newspaper men.

CLEVELAND LEADER.

By the death of Gen. Comly, editor of the Toledo Commercial, Ohio loses one of her most scholarly and widely known editors. General Comly was not only a gifted writer, but served with distinction in the war of the rebellion, and was subsequently appointed Minister to the Sandwich Islands. He was especially noted as a keen and bright editorial paragrapher, and made the Ohio State Journal famous by its incisive and apt comments on affairs of the day.

OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

General Comly belonged to the mediæval era or school of journalists in Ohio, and flourished most in a day when more attention was given to opinions and less to news. In this day of telegraphing and rapid transit the journalist has more to do in keeping people informed as to what is going on than in telling them what should be done. No men have seen greater changes than the older journalists of to-day. While most of the older school of Ohio journalists are gone, General Comly is among the first of the prominent ones who brought newspapers to their present high standing. Mr. Plympton, of the Commercial-Gazette, preceded him. Halstead, Reed, Smith, Bickham, Cowles, Armstrong and others who were contemporaries, are still vigorous and able each day to do the active work for which

they are so ably equipped by nature and years of experience. It was among such master minds as these that General Comly rose to recognition as a leader of the thought and affairs of the state. He was one of the "Ohio Men" in times when Ohio was first in war, first in all the departments and councils of the government, first in journalism and first in a vast reserve of talent, energy and patriotism. Had he lived earlier or later, however, it is doubtful whether the General could have done more. He lived and wielded his pen in time of opportunities, and he showed himself equal to them under all circumstances. While the opportunities of the civil war and the dark years which followed it were unsurpassed for personal distinction and success, those for failure were equally good. These were times when many great men made mistakes, both as to the conduct of the war, re-construction, negro suffrage, security of public debt, resumption of specie payments, national banking, the tariff and other questions, but General Comly was always a close student of current events and made no prominent mistakes that reflect on his judgment, while his loyalty and integrity were never questioned. Whatever the wires flashed into the office at night, he was ready in those days following the war, when issues were constantly coming up, to express a sound opinion on in the State Journal next morning. He was not one of those men who sought popularity, but was fearless in expressing what he thought right and proper. Like other journalists, whatever errors of judgment or sentiment he may have made were magnified by the force of expression that always characterized his arguments, and the light-

house prominence of his position. As a citizen, neighbor and friend he was one of the best of men.

“None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise.”

TOLEDO BEE.

General Comly, for some years past editor of the Toledo Commercial, whose death occurred Tuesday at 9:50 o'clock p. m., was recognized not only in Ohio, but throughout many other states as one of the brightest journalists of the country, and he was withal everywhere admitted to be one of the most kindly and worthy gentlemen whom his acquaintances had ever been permitted to know. And while nothing can atone for the affliction which his family suffers, his legion of friends everywhere will regret the loss of the genial gentleman, the warm-hearted friend and the able journalist.

* * * * *

General Comly was an experienced journalist; even tempered, he never began a newspaper quarrel; but conscious of his own ability, he seldom retired from a controversy until he was the acknowledged victor. He had pleasant words for everybody, but fawned to no one. He was a type in our profession to be emulated, his was a life to be respected, and his memory cannot be too highly honored. If there were more Comlys there would be a better class of newspapers. This city and this state will miss genial, affable, able General Comly

OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

The death of General James M. Comly removes one who has taken a prominent part in public affairs for the last quarter of a century. A man of great natural ability and eminent attainments, he became distinguished as a soldier, journalist and diplomat. A true type of the American citizen, he was indeed a statesman, fully comprehending questions of the day and fearlessly expressing his convictions thereon. From humble and most honorable ancestry, he was born and bred to greatness. A poor boy in the hills of Perry county, he won distinction as a man on the field of battle, was recognized as a leader in moulding public opinion in the capacity of an editor, and was officially complimented for his able and faithful representation of his country at a foreign court. His honors were many and varied, but his reputation rests upon his high standing as a journalist. That was his profession, and that was what he himself considered the basis of such distinction as he may have achieved. He deserves all the credit that can be given him professionally. Although well educated, mostly through his own efforts, and devoting three years to the study and two to the practice of law, he bent all of his energies to his accomplishment as a journalist. Away back in the forties he was an apprentice in the State Journal office, and became a practical printer, passed through all the stages of printer, proof-reader, foreman, and was by education, experience and every way qualified for the position he held afterward on the State Journal and Toledo Commercial. *

* He was a true gentleman, with the highest

sense of honor. He would have been an ornament in a modern age of chivalry—gallant, gentle, kind and generous to a fault, as well as able, honest and true. His word was as good as his bond. Full of honors and good traits, he has gone to his rest. Peace to his ashes.

TOLEDO BLADE.

General James M. Comly, the able journalist, the brilliant scholar, the upright citizen and the honest man, after months of suffering, borne with wonderful fortitude, passed on into the better and higher life last evening a little before 10 o'clock. The event was not unexpected, and yet it is no less a shock to Toledo people, who had learned during the few years he has made his home in this city to thoroughly respect his character and purposes. His loss will be deeply felt and mourned, not only by those who knew him personally, but by everybody who recognizes how important is the living influence of every good man in the community where he lives.

General Comly's reputation is by no means a purely local one. For more than a quarter of a century he has taken a prominent position in the state and country, first as a brave soldier, winning laurels upon the battle-field, and later as the fearless journalist, who not only had a keen understanding of the questions of the hour, but always expressed his convictions boldly and maintained them in the face of any and all opposers. As a diplomat during the time he represented this country in Honolulu he won marked distinction, and was

officially complimented for the ability which he displayed.

Yet it was in his chosen profession of journalism that he made his greatest and most lasting reputation, and during his connection with the Ohio State Journal, of which he was at the head for many years. During that period after the war, which was one of the opportunities in which talent and energy guiding the pen made marked impressions, he succeeded in maintaining the standing for loyalty and patriotism that had been established by his conduct as a soldier. His mistakes were rare, but when he made them, he stood by the consequences manfully.

Of his public career no more need be said. Elsewhere the details are given in full. Of his private life, its beauty and integrity, much might be written. He was a gentleman of the old school, loyal in his friendships, outspoken and open in his enmities, but always and everywhere a gentleman. His brilliant social qualities were tempered by a shrinking reserve that carried with it, to those who did not know him well, a suggestion of haughtiness, but no man was further from aught of that kind.

He has gone—a man able, honest, gallant, generous and true, the loving husband and father, the useful citizen, gone in the prime of his manhood, but leaving an unfading memory behind him of honorable, upright living, that will rest as a benison upon those who so sadly mourn his departure.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

A much more famous man could have died without bringing the sadness to as many hearts as did the telegraphic announcement that Gen. James M. Comly had passed away at his home in Toledo, Ohio, on the evening of the 26th ult.

The best that can be said of Gen. Comly is the best that can be said of any man—that he was a splendid type of a high class American. He had in a degree all the good qualities of our race. Brilliant in intellect, brave of soul, true of heart, loyal, unselfish and steadfast, he was a man whom all that knew him admired as well as loved. His was a character unusually well rounded. Where many men seem only at their best when viewed from certain stand-points, he seemed at his best from whatever point he was viewed. He was a brilliant journalist, a thorough soldier, a competent business man, a successful diplomat, and a devoted husband and father.

Gen. Comly was born of good Quaker stock in New Lexington, Perry county, Ohio, 55 years ago. He received a good education, and after graduating from college learned the printer's trade, and worked at the case while studying law. He was for several years foreman of the composing room of the Ohio State Journal, of Columbus, Ohio, but left that position to enter upon the practice of the law. He had already distinguished himself as a terse and vigorous writer. At the same time he paid much attention to military matters, and was a member of a crack militia company. When the war broke out he at once enlisted as a private soldier, but was

elected a Lieutenant, and did some months' duty as such. The Governor of Ohio then appointed him Lieutenant-Colonel of the 43d Ohio, but he relinquished this to take a Major's commission in the 23d Ohio, in which there was a promise of speedier service in the field. The 23d had a phenomenal lot of field officers. Its first Colonel was Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, its second Gen. E. K. Scanmon, its third President Rutherford B. Hayes, and its fourth Gen. Comly. Stanley Matthews, now one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, was Lieutenant-Colonel until he was made Colonel of the 51st Ohio. Maj. Comly was with this splendid regiment constantly during its long and arduous service, from the day he joined it until it was mustered out at the close of the war. He repeatedly distinguished himself by gallantry in action. When Lieut.-Col. Hayes was shot down at the battle of South Mountain, Maj. Comly took command and fought the regiment brilliantly. When Col. Hayes was given the command of a brigade, Lieut. Col. Comly succeeded to the permanent command of the regiment, and conducted it through all the hard fighting in the Shenandoah Valley and West Virginia till the war closed. He was made a full Colonel, and Col. Hayes a brigadier-General for gallant conduct at the battle of the Opequan. In 1865 he was brevetted Brigadier-General.

On his return home he became editor and senior proprietor of the Ohio State Journal, on which he had worked as a printer, and soon made it a power in the State. He was one of the keenest and most incisive writers on the press of the country. In 1870 Gen. Grant appointed him postmaster at Col-

umbus, which office he held until his friend and comrade, Gen. Hayes, became President, who appointed him Minister to the Hawaiian Islands. While holding this office there were internal convulsions in the Kingdom, and foreign complications that demanded unusual discretion, and he acquitted himself admirably. On his return from Honolulu Gen. Comly and his partner sold out the Ohio State Journal and bought the Commercial, of Toledo, of which he was the senior proprietor and editor at the time of his death.

Gen. Comly was an earnest member of the G. A. R., and neglected no opportunity to advance the interests of the Order, and lend a helping hand to the disabled veteran. The veterans have lost a steadfast comrade and a staunch champion.

DAYTON JOURNAL.

The announcement of the death of General James M. Comly is received with profound sorrow throughout the state. * * His brilliant career as a soldier and journalist is not an unfamiliar story. He entered the volunteer army at the outbreak of the rebellion, and rose from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Brevet Brigadier. His service continued from the beginning till the close of the war, and was fitly recognized as that of a brave and efficient officer. * * He leaves in the hearts of many friends pleasant memories of his genial nature that will long endure. The sadness with which the intelligence of his death was received will not be a mere ephemeral regret, but will endure as the years go by and the time comes when the

friends who loved him shall be called, as he was, to pass through the valley of the shadow of death—the way appointed for all men.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

(Ohio State Journal.)

A called meeting of the board of trade was held yesterday morning to take suitable action on the death of General James M. Comly, the second president of the old organization. President Randall in opening spoke feelingly of the many admirable traits of the dead journalist, statesman and soldier, characterizing him as one of the most brilliant men of his day: a man of national reputation, a gallant soldier and a citizen whose worth was universally recognized.

* * * * *

S. S. Rickly spoke of General Comly's address on the resources of the Hocking Valley when the incorporation and construction of a railroad into that section first began to be agitated. Mr. Rickly thought this the ablest production that was ever delivered before the board. The speaker also alluded to General Comly's home life, his career as a journalist and his record as a citizen.

* * * * *

J. C. Briggs, business manager of the State Journal, said that we were naturally inclined to sum up a man by his public acts, but that there were phases of character in the detail of men's lives that gave one clearer insights into the motives that actuated them. During an association of seven years as an employee of the State Journal while

General Comly was one of its proprietors, he had learned to know much of these pleasant phases of his character. He was always the courtly gentleman among his employees that marked him in more public life, never patronizing or domineering, and always showing an appreciation of work well done. Among the older employees of the State Journal his memory was held in the highest esteem.

TOLEDO COMMERCIAL.

* * * * *

General Comly was one of the best known and most highly respected journalists in the country. He had few equals as a writer for the public press.

* * * * *

While those who knew General Comly as a writer learned to admire his ability and to respect his integrity, those who knew him personally learned to love him for his virtues as a man and friend. To them his loss is one which reaches deep into the heart. While he possessed the highest type of manly courage his heart was tender, sympathetic and confiding as that of a child. His greatest pleasure was derived in doing good to others. His heart was overflowing with kindness and none could know him but to love him.

The General had a strong brotherly attachment for all Union soldiers, and took great pleasure in meeting with them. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion, and the Society of the Army of the Potomac, and never allowed an opportunity to promote the interests of his comrades in arms to pass unimproved.

The death of such a man casts a gloom over the entire community, and is crushing to those who have been intimately associated with him.

* * * * *

An incident occurred in the early life of General Comly which serves to illustrate the training which his mind had received and his ability as a thinker and writer. Judge Thomas C. Jones of Delaware, one of Ohio's ablest and best men to-day, was engaged in discussing some important question through the columns of the Ohio State Journal. (The writer of this cannot now recall the subject under discussion.) General Comly was a compositor in the State Journal office at the time and prepared a communication for that paper in reply to Judge Jones. It was such a complete refutation of the position taken by the Judge that he could only call at the office to inquire as to his antagonist, expecting to be given the name of some leading man in the state. When the author was pointed out to him and he saw that he had been so completely overwhelmed by a mere boy (as the General then appeared) and he working at the case, the Judge was fairly dumb from astonishment, but then and there formed an acquaintance and friendship which lasted through life, the Judge always having the highest respect for the General.

THE TOLEDO JOURNAL.

During the past week a brave, gentle, loyal life has gone out from among us. Tender words have been written and spoken of him: loyal tributes to a brave soldier, a kind father, a loving husband, and

a true friend have been tearfully laid on his coffin. And yet nothing has been said, nothing can be said, that shall in any manner lessen the sorrow that has come to those near him.

Gen. Comly was one who was most fittingly described in the one word that expresses the highest type of manhood—a gentleman. Faithful to every duty, his was a life that was a constant pleasure to those who knew him, and the memory of which will ever be like a rare perfume, fragrant with the record of duty performed and love requited. Loyal to his friends, constant to those he loved, fulfilling every duty from the standpoint of an exalted manhood, he was at once brave and tender, fearless and unselfish, loyal and yet charitable.

NORWALK CHRONICLE.

* * * * *

The death of General Comly will be a loss to the Republican party of Ohio and of the nation and to the editorial fraternity everywhere. He was a noble man.

WASHINGTON CHRONICLE.

He was a man of genial and social qualities, a bright journalist and witty, writer and in his military service during the war, and civil service since, (as postmaster of Columbus and subsequently Minister to Honolulu,) he won merited distinction. * *

Thousands of hearts ache at the announcement of General Comly's death.

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

General Comly, of the Toledo Commercial, is sinking again, and the announcement in his own paper indicates little hope of his recovery. The news will throw a sadness over the Republican gathering there, for he is a man who has always possessed the respect and confidence of his own party, and who was liked and respected by all who knew him, irrespective of party.

COLUMBUS SUNDAY MORNING NEWS.

The death of General James M. Comly is a sad invasion of the ranks of Ohio journalists. * * * What he prepared for the omnivorous press and the eager public sparkled with humor or gleamed with the very earnestness of the man. General Comly's career in this city as lawyer, editor of the Ohio State Journal and postmaster is well known. When he came back from the Sandwich Islands, where he had been United States Minister, he received a cordial welcome, and it was with regret that it was learned that he had decided to make his home in Toledo, where he had bought the Commercial.

To younger men in the same profession he was generous of his help and many of them have cause to remember him with gratitude. He has done his work and it is good enough to be judged by.

LANCASTER EAGLE.

* * * * *

He was a brilliant journalist, a brave soldier, and a good citizen.

BUCYRUS JOURNAL.

* * * * *

After the war, as editor of the Daily Ohio State Journal, he became prominent as one of the brightest newspaper men, not only in the State, but in the Nation. He shone in every department : as correspondent, political writer, statistician, essayist, and paragraphist, he was alike brilliant and interesting : possibly as a pungent witty paragraphist, when in the harness, he had not a living equal.

BOWLING GREEN SENTINEL.

He was one of the ablest journalists of Ohio.

BRYAN DEMOCRAT.

His death though not unexpected, is lamented by a large circle of acquaintances in all parties.

AKRON BEACON.

In the death of Gen. James M. Comly, editor of the Toledo Commercial, the journalism of Ohio loses one of its brightest ornaments and most notable members, while the loss to his family and friends of his gentle, genial, gracious presence is beyond all calculation. No knightlier heart ever honored life or faced death, and Gen. Comly's memory will be bright and precious with all who knew him, as long as eternity shall retain the thoughts of what was best and most loveable here.

MT. VERNON REPUBLICAN.

Another good man gone. When death claimed General James M. Comly it sought out as brave a man, as kind and affectionate a husband and father, and as generous and true a friend as the world ever saw. It was the good fortune of the writer of this paragraph, to make the acquaintance of the General many years ago, while he was editor of the Ohio State Journal. We were thrown together a great deal and each enjoyed the full confidence of the other—a trust that was never shaken or disturbed. As a terse, popular newspaper paragrapher General Comly had no superior and it was this peculiar bright style of work, that brought him into prominence and maintained his supremacy among journalists. We turn a rue to the memory of our good and kind friend and may his eternity be one of bliss and repose.

FOSTORIA REVIEW.

He was one of the ablest and best known editors in Ohio, and in his death the fraternity loses one of its best and brightest members.

THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH.

The interment at Green Lawn of the late General Comly not only laid at rest, in the city which he undoubtedly loved best, the body of one whom all of our people highly respected in life, but added to the long list of good soldiers resting there another whose grave will be remembered upon each returning Memorial Day.

UPPER SANDUSKY REPUBLICAN.

* * * * *

Gen. James M. Comly has for a quarter of a century been an interesting and conspicuous figure at Republican State conventions. He was well and favorably known to newspaper men, and had the reputation of being one of the best editorial writers of the country. A courteous, cordial and ever pleasant gentleman, he was justly and highly esteemed by the fraternity. But how strange the fate and ending of man. It is said that the General was a member of the committee to secure the holding of the convention in his own city. The convention was secured and held there, and while it was in session, General Comly, instead of being an active, leading spirit, mingling with the thousands of his old friends and admirers, was lying a corpse at his home in that city.

GEN. J. M. COMLY AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM.

(From the published Reminiscences of a member of the 23d Regiment.)

* * * * * There is not a man living who was connected with the 23d, 12th, or 30th Ohio Regiments, forming the First Brigade, but that remembers with pride the part taken by each member of that grand command in those bloody struggles: and each member of the 23d remembers with reverence and pride, the gallant and almost reckless bravery of Major Comly as he passed up and down the lines of the Regiment, cheering the men as they charged up the mountain side amid the

death-dealing storm of grape and canister that was poured into their faces from the thousands of rifles and cannon that were massed in their front that Sunday afternoon. * * * * * *

* * Remembering those events, they will be glad to read again the General Order issued shortly after the battle of Antietam :

GENERAL ORDER }
 No. 20, }
 ANTIETAM, MD }

So long after the heat of action you may be congratulated on the universal appreciation of the part you have borne in the recent battles. You have done your part to make yourselves, our state and our arms famous. You have stood the test of endurance under the repeated attacks of veteran troops. You have crossed bayonets with the flower of the rebel army in superior numbers and driven him from the field. The number of your dead and wounded will show with what desperation the enemy fought and with what glorious determination you overcame him. Comrades! Our dead lie buried on the field, uncollined, but not unhonored or unwept. Their monuments are in our hearts. We who saw them fall know how a true soldier dies. We who have survived them know how a true soldier's memory lives after him. Do your duty as they did ; do your duty as you did then, and fame and honor, the glorious meed of the soldier, shall always await you.

By order of

J. M. COMLY,

Signed:

Major Commanding 23d Reg't. O. V. I.

HARRY THOMPSON, Adjutant.

LETTER FROM ORANGE FRAZER.

(The Clinton Republican. Wilmington, Ohio, Sept. 1st, 1887.

CAMP HORNETS NEST, ADIRONDAK WILDERNESS, }
August 18th, 1887. }

We three, the lawyer, the professor and yours truly, started out for a trip: object, health and pleasure: objective point, the Adirondak Wilderness. En route I stopped at Toledo during the sitting of the Republican State Convention. In that hospitable city the only drawback to the pleasure of the visitors was the death of General James M. Comly, which occurred while we were there. It reminded me of a time, years ago, when a former Wilmington boy, desiring to visit the Sandwich Islands with a view to entering business there, wrote me to obtain for him among my friends a letter of introduction for him, if possible, to some business man of Honolulu. General Comly had just returned from his service as United States Minister there, and I at once dropped him a line commending the young man and requesting for him the favor of an introductory letter to some one of the General's friends in those far Pacific Islands.

In a few days there came to me a handsome letter of introduction for the boy, addressed to the business men of Honolulu generally, and, in addition, a long, fatherly letter of advice, giving him minute instructions in regard to the different matters which a stranger boy would need to know on his first visit to that foreign land. It showed the great, kindly heart of the General, and his willingness to aid any boy, unknown to him though

he might be, who was willing to aid himself. Many a man holding the position General Comly did, and embarrassed with as many business cares, would have refused the favor, sent a short, crusty reply, or delegated to his secretary the task of answering. But General Comly was a gentleman in the best sense of that much abused word.

BLESSINGS OF AFFLICTION.

GENERAL COMLY'S PHILOSOPHY AND FORBEARANCE ON HIS
DEATH-BED.

The Toledo Commercial publishes the following from the pen of a professional associate who was near General Comly during his last days of suffering :

Over a year ago when General Comly was suffering from an affliction for the removal of which he submitted to a severe surgical operation, the writer had quite an extended talk with him, the conversation naturally drifting toward the subject of human suffering. The writer remarked that human nature appeared to be somewhat like a flower, requiring hard pressing, or crushing, for its complete development, referring to a number of cases where genius and the finest literary productions apparently sprang from affliction.

To this sentiment the General responded substantially : " Yes, I have observed that. I think bodily suffering, to the thoughtful person, is not an unmixed evil. It operates something like sub-soil ploughing. It develops new elements of thought, broadens and deepens our sympathies, makes us

more charitably disposed, and strengthens every better element in our nature. Bodily suffering to persons engaged in literary pursuits is like business reverses in the commercial world. Some will take such misfortunes philosophically, courageously, and start out anew, stronger for their experience, while others give up and never rally from their depression. Some men see nothing but evil in physical suffering and give themselves up to complaining. I feel, with you, that physical suffering may be the best schooling we can have sometimes, developing elements of strength which otherwise might remain dormant. We may come out of such suffering stronger and better if we take the right view of things and regard these afflictions as the chastening rod.

The conversation ran in this vein for some time, the General revealing a spirit of confidence in an overruling Providence which impressed the writer because it was the first time this subject had been touched upon. Like many others, General Comly was a true Christain, although he made no profession, or parade, of that fact. He leaned upon the mercy and justice of his Heavenly Father with all the confiding faith that a child shows in the protecting care of its earthly parent.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

LAKE GEORGE, August 1, 1887.

Dear Mrs. Comly:

* * * * *

I need not praise him to you, who knew better than anyone else how good and true he was. But his memory will always be dear to me as his friendship was.

Years and the world had drifted us apart, but I never heard or saw his name without a thrill of the old affection.

* * * * *

Yours Sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

CAPE MAY, N. J., July 28, 1887.

Dear Mrs. Comly:

* * * * *

You know I regarded General Comly as not only the truest but also the most valuable friend I ever had, and well might I love him in his life, and sorrow over his grave.

SAMUEL SHELLABARGER.

WILMINGTON, O., August 3, 1887.

* * * * *

He was the soul of honor—the incarnation of perfect manhood. He was knowing to the point of prescience, and good enough to suggest the better—not of this world. His high moral nature always

impressed me. He realized that here we only begin to be what we are to be. As he once said to me in a Honolulu letter: "We are just getting ready to be born when we die. Death is our real birth."

* * * * *

This world will not seem quite the same to me without him.

Your Friend,

A. P. RUSSELL.

MAK-O-CHEE, O., July 30, 1887.

Mrs. Comly. Dear Friend:

* * * * *

Such a combination as he possessed of gentleness and courage, wisdom and toleration. I never before encountered. With all his perfect manhood, that kept his life upon a higher plane of duty, he was yet so lovable, that we less perfect lost the sense of rebuke of his purer life in the affections his generous nature engendered.

To me it seems but yesterday when he joined our company in Virginia. Handsome, shy and yet genial, we hailed him as a comrade. The first trial under fire revealed to us that he was as brave as he was gentle, and that his noble manhood lost nothing of its stronger qualities, in those of unselfish kindness, and that in becoming a soldier he did not cease to be a gentleman.

He has shown, in all of his relations of life, the same rare combination. As a journalist of surpassing ability he held his faculties under such wise control, that although possessed of a wit that gave him great powers of sarcasm, it was rare for him to hurt in that direction. He selected his enemies with such admirable knowledge of human nature

that their enmity added to his popularity among the more thoughtful. His friends, self-nominated as all friends are, come from every party, with all shades of difference in opinions, but with one feeling that makes a common sorrow over his early grave.

To me he is above all the dear, good and tried friend, and I write of him through eyes dimmed with unavailing tears.

* * * * *

Yours Sincerely,

DOXX PIATT.

JAMES M. COMLY.

General Comly, on account of his comparatively short residence in Toledo, and his poor health and his exacting business duties which demanded all and more than all his strength, was personally known to but comparatively few of our citizens, and yet his death is regarded by all as a public misfortune, coupled in many with a feeling of personal loss.

* * * * *

To me his death leaves a deep feeling of personal loss.

While I write, the last sad rites are being performed, and perhaps even now the first earth clods are falling upon his coffin's lid, and at such a time we can but cast our thoughts beyond life's fitful dream forever over now for him. Perhaps General Comly was not what in professional parlance would be called a religious man, and yet if in the great division he is not counted among Christians, there is something radically wrong in our definition of the

word, and something not authorized by the teachings of the Great Master.

Perhaps he had not the simple unquestioning faith of some in the Bible as the word of God sent down into this dark world to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path.

Perhaps he had not the unfaltering, childlike faith of some in the perpetual presence of a Divine helper in every time of trouble, who guards us when we think not, and watches while in sleep.

Yet many of the best men the world has ever known have been compelled to struggle on through life without this light and help, while many of the most grasping, greedy, uncharitable and selfish of men have professed to have it.

What then? Are the good lost for want of this faith while the evil are saved by it? Nay verily.

The Divine master says that by their works ye shall know them. He does not on the great day say, depart from me, ye did not belong to this church or profess this creed or that; but I was hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; a stranger and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick and imprisoned and ye visited me not.

The great gulf divides. Not those professing different creeds or those having creeds from those having none, but it divides the habitually well disposed and useful who do with their might what their hands find to do, discharging every public, social and private duty earnestly, faithfully and unselfishly, from the habitually evil disposed and useless.

We cannot doubt on which side of this great gulf our departed friend now stands.

Gone to the grave, passed the terrible portals,
Sunk forever in death's dreamless sleep ;
Such is our dead and faithless language,
Such the dead faith that makes us weep.
Not here but risen, passed the bright portals,
Victor at last in the terrible strife ;
Gone from a world of tears and shadows
Into a world of light and life.
Such is the truth as seen by the angels ;
While we mourn a death they rejoice at a birth
Into newness of life and a world of new beauty,
Free from the trials and sorrows of earth.

Toledo, July 29, 1887.

HENRY T. NILES.

BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO, July 29th, 1887.

Mrs. James M. Comly, Toledo, Ohio :

MY DEAR MRS. COMLY : * * * *

During our continued service in West Virginia, his duties as a commander, and my duties as a staff officer, threw us constantly together, and I knew him intimately as a brother. He was older, and more experienced in the world, and his kindly counsels and his good words, and his cheering endorsements, and flattering encomiums were to me constant inspirations. He seemed to have so little of selfish humanity about him that he delighted to speak the praises of others.

Himself a devoted and unselfish patriot, he delighted to see others as devoted and unselfish as himself. Brave beyond question, heroic, and daring, there was none of the reckless bravado which stamped him as unmindful of danger and death, but that cool and determined manliness of purpose which had prepared itself to look death in

the face, and ready to do and to suffer for the just-
ness of his cause.

Every soldier who served under him became an
object of his care, and his earnest solicitude, and
the friends of the camp-fire and the bivouac, became
friends of his lifetime.

* * * * *

Gifted, generous, manly, and courageous, a
good man has gone, a faithful friend, a true patriot,
a brave soldier, a manly honest man, who wore his
heart upon his sleeve, and believed that men were
made to know and trust each other.

* * * * *

Yours very truly,

ROB'T. P. KENNEDY.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF STATE OF OHIO,)
Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 29, 1887. }

Mrs. James M. Comly.

MY DEAR MADAM:—I am requested by the Ohio
Commandery, Military Order Loyal Legion of the
United States, to convey to you the grief and sor-
row felt by each member of that Commandery, in
learning of the death of your husband, Gen. J. M.
Comly. Also to express to you the deep sympathy
of its members for you and your family in your great
affliction. We knew him as a brave soldier, winning
fame and bright laurels upon the battle-field; as a
good citizen whose influence was always on the side
of right and truth; as a statesman of marked dis-
tinction and ability, and as a man of strong convic-
tions and not afraid to express them.

His social qualities were of that kind which, on all occasions and always, stamped him, the gentleman.

Of his private life we know enough to show us that it was full of purity and beauty. He loved the Loyal Legion, and the Loyal Legion loved and appreciated him as one of its most honored members; and in his death we feel we have lost an honest, pure, true, able and generous man and a brave, gallant friend and companion. With you and your family we sadly mourn for him.

I have the honor to be, dear Madam,

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

A. H. MATTOX, Recorder.

MARIETTA, OHIO, August 5th, 1887.

Guy S. Comly, Esq., Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR SIR: * * * *

I never shall cease to regret the lost opportunity of personally expressing to Gen. Comly my earnest sense of obligation and gratitude to him for the interest manifested, and the kind words of encouragement given by letter and in his Ohio State Journal, to the struggling young aspirant for literary fame.

* * I feel that I shall never again find so indulgent a critic, and kind a patron. * *

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. S. PALMER.

EMPCRIA, KANSAS, July 27, 1887.

(A Dispatch.)

Mrs. J. M. Comly: A brave man is dead. Accept my heartfelt sympathy. S. B. WARREN.

[Mr. Warren was a captain in the Twenty-third Ohio.]

RESOLUTIONS.

MILITARY ORDER LOYAL LEGION UNITED STATES.

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF OHIO,)
Cincinnati, Dec. 21, 1887.)

At a stated meeting of this Commandery the accompanying report of a committee appointed to prepare resolutions on the death of Companion Brevet Brigadier-General James Monroe Stuart Comly, U. S. V., was read and adopted.

By Order of

GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN,

U. S. A., Commander.

OFFICIAL :

A. H. MATTOX,

1st Lieut. U. S. Vols., Recorder.

JAMES MONROE STUART COMLY.

BORN, PERRY COUNTY, O., MARCH 6, 1832.

DIED, TOLEDO, O., JULY 26, 1887.

To the Commander and Companions of the Ohio Commandery,

Loyal Legion of the U. S.:

Companion James M. Comly was born in Perry County, Ohio, March 6, 1832. He spent the first ten years of his life on a farm; then removing to Columbus, Ohio, he entered a printing office, where he learned how to conduct a newspaper business, to which he afterward devoted much of his life. At an early age he was left dependent on his own exertions, yet found such time for study that when sixteen years of age he graduated at the Columbus High School.

His journalistic work was continued at the office of the *Ohio State Journal* for several years; but at length he commenced the study of law in the office of Attorney-General Wolcott, and in 1859 was admitted to practice under a special examination by Chief Justice Swan, of the Supreme Court of the State.

Very soon after the first gun was fired at Charleston Harbor, Companion Comly enlisted as a private soldier in an independent company, and upon company organization was elected by his comrades to the office of Second Lieutenant.

For several months his little command did duty guarding the railroads in the vicinity of Marietta. In June, 1861, he entered the United States service, and in August of the same year was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 13d Regiment Ohio Infantry. By his own request Governor Dennison commissioned him Major of the 23d Regiment of Ohio Infantry in place of Major R. B. Hayes, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. General Comly's request for such transfer and change of rank was made for the purpose of enabling him to engage in active service at the front.

From his position as Major of the 23d Regiment he regularly succeeded to the vacancies caused by the promotion of General Hayes, until he became Colonel of his regiment, and was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallant conduct in the field.

After peace was concluded he returned to Columbus, Ohio, to his journalistic work, and was by President Grant appointed Postmaster there, which office he administered to the satisfaction of the department and his fellow citizens.

As the political campaign of 1876 approached he was frequently and favorably mentioned as the probable candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio,

Soon after the inauguration of President Hayes, General Comly was appointed and confirmed as United States Minister to the Sandwich Islands. From midsummer, 1877, for a period of five years he served the government in that capacity, and then returned to his editorial work at Columbus, Ohio, with the highest testimonials of his efficiency from both his own government and the government to which he was accredited.

On the 6th day of February, 1884, General Comly was elected a member of the First Class of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

On the 26th day of July, 1887, at his home in Toledo, with his family and friends around him, he quietly passed away.

Among the middle aged of the sisterhood of States, Ohio has long held the post of honor, and, as was most fitting, Ohio's sons, in all of the fields where energy, courage, tenacity, and intelligence were requisite, have been among the most conspicuous. Among a class so well equipped in all that ennobles manhood, our deceased companion made for himself both in war and peace a most permanent and enviable reputation. As a soldier, the history of his regiment is his history. He was with it in all its preparation for, and service in the field, the most of the time its actual commander. Its flag was in the front at Antietam and Winchester, and in the ability of its officers and the grand achievements of its men it stood the peer of any Ohio Regiment.

Recognizing in our deceased companion one of the best types of the Ohio scholar, gentleman, and soldier, we, his companions in arms, gratefully add this testimonial to the records of our Order.

W. S. THURSTIN,
Captain Company D, 11th O. V. I.
RICHARD WAITE,
Captain Company A, 8th O. V. I.
RICHARD A. HAYES,
Second Class Companion.
H. M. BACON,
Chaplain 63d Ind. Vol. Inf'y.
Committee.

RESIDENT MEMBERS OF THE LOYAL LEGION.

At a meeting of the resident members of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, held at Toledo, Ohio, on the 27th day of July, 1887, and composed of companions Chaplain H. M. Bacon, Capt. H. W. Bigelow, Colonel J. B. Bell, Capt. R. W. Clarke, Lieut. H. P. Fowler, Gen. J. W. Fuller, Capt. J. K. Hamilton, Lieut. C. D. Lindsey, Lieut. W. H. H. Smith, Capt. W. S. Thurstin, Capt. Richard Waite, Gen. C. L. Young, Lieut. D. R. Austin, Capt. Hartwell Osborn, Capt. W. W. Cooke, Maj. G. A. Collamore, Maj. S. F. Forbes, Capt. E. M. Goodwin, B. A. Hayes, Esq., Col. H. G. Neubert, Gen. W. H. Raynor, Maj. Norman Waite, Lieut. R. D. Whittlesey, Hon. W. T. Walker, Lieut. R. H. Cochran, Lieut. J. L. Wolcott and Rev. H. W. Pierson, D. D., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of General James M. Comly his companions have lost one of the most esteemed members of their home circle; the order one of its most loyal and useful companions, and the country one of the best types of the American citizen.

As an officer of the volunteer army he saw his duty to his country clearly, and with unswerving fortitude and undiminished courage performed it to the admiration of both superiors and subordinates.

As a civil officer, charged with the administration of important public trusts for the nation, his conduct of affairs always justified the wisdom of his appointments.

As a private citizen his modesty, his kindness and his capacity embellished a life singularly free from suspicion of wrong.

To his bereaved family, we offer our most earnest and sincere sympathy commending them always to the tenderest care of the Great Commander who has called their companion and ours to himself.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, and that a copy be also presented to the Commandery of Ohio with a request that an entry of the same be made upon its records.

Attest:

CHARLES L. YOUNG,
Local Secretary.
W. S. THURSTIN,
Chairman.

THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

The minutes of last year's reunion were read, followed by the reading of letters of regret from the absent comrades.

Almost every letter contained some touching allusion to their departed comrade and General, J. M. Comly, who had won the heart of every soldier under him.

General Hayes then read a beautiful and eloquent eulogy to the memory of General Comly.

The sentiment expressed in the eulogy was adopted as that of the regiment, and from the faces of these comrades you could easily see that the "aye, aye" came from their very hearts.

The annual election of officers took place, ending the business meeting. The present corps of officers were unanimously re-elected, Gen. Comly's place being left vacant as a token of respect to his memory.—*From the Sandusky Register's Lakeside Correspondence, Sept. 1st, 1887.*

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

HEADQUARTERS FORSYTH POST, NO. 15, DEPARTMENT OF OHIO, G. A. R. }
TOLEDO, OHIO, Aug. 22nd, 1887. }

In memory of General James M. Comly, Forsyth Post, No. 15, Department of Ohio, G. A. R., records the final muster out of another member and comrade.

General James M. Comly, who died at his residence in this city, on the 26th day of July, 1887, was born 6th of March, 1832, Perry County, Ohio, and early developed the thoughtful energy and industry which have so marked his social, civil and military career.

Like many, if not most other men who have done good service in their generation, his life in low estate began.

When but a boy he was an apprentice in the printing office of the Ohio State Journal.

He became then as thorough and accomplished as a printer as he afterward proved himself as an editor, both in Columbus and in our own city, which so deeply feels his loss.

While working at his trade he studied law in the office of Attorney General Wolcott, and was admitted to the bar in 1859, and opened an office, but soon became Chief Clerk in the office of A. P. Russell, Secretary of State, where he remained until June, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in a company of which he was at once elected a lieutenant.

Of his subsequent military career it is not necessary to speak in detail. It is interwoven with the history of the nation during the great struggle for union and freedom. No higher tribute can be paid our comrade than the simple fact that he was worthy, and was acknowledged to be, of the command of the famous Twenty-third O. V. I., the regiment of Rosecrans, Matthews and Hayes.

He was mustered out July 24th, 1865, having received the deserved compliment of a commission as Brevet Brigadier-General. Though wounded at the battle of Winchester, July 24th, 1864, and his health has never since been firm, yet, these later years, especially since he has come to reside among us, have been one long heroic struggle against disease, and his life since the war has been full of constant and varied activity. In 1865, he became editor of the Ohio State Journal. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands.

He returned to this country in 1882. For the last four years he has been a resident of Toledo, and during that time became a member of Forsyth Post. His association with us has been brief, but it has greatly endeared him to his comrades and the community at large.

Our regret that such a bright, brave and generous citizen has been taken away, is tempered with the fond recollection that he esteemed it an honor to have his name borne on our roster, and with the comforting knowledge that with sword and pen he wrought mightily, for his fellow-man, and has gone to a peaceful rest and a glorious reward.

It is rare that any post, or other body of citizens has among its members one who bore so distinguished a part in the great contests of pen and sword which have so marked the last quarter of a century, and placed us as a people in the very fore front of exalted effort and exalting hope.

And we feel a most tender appreciation of the fact, that the efforts and influences of our departed comrade are going on radiating and extending in innumerable and ever-increasing inspiration to a higher citizenship and a nobler manhood.

We know no higher tribute we can pay his virtues, than the wish that we may cherish their memory as guide to our aspirations, and lamp in our pathway; so that finally we may be deemed worthy to share his comradeship among the brightest and best spirits whose society he now adorns.

We tender to his devoted companion and children the heartfelt condolence of soldiers who feel for their beloved comrade only as soldiers can, and direct that this expression be entered upon our records, and that a copy be given to the family.

R. H. COCHRAN,
F. A. KITCHEN,
B. F. GRIFFIN,
Committee.

THE COLUMBUS BOARD OF TRADE.

WHEREAS, We have been informed of the death, at Toledo, Ohio, on the 26th instant, of General James M. Comly, formerly a member and President of the Board of Trade of this city, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Comly, the Board has sustained the loss of one, who, while a member, was active in the discharge of his duties, and while President, directed its affairs in a judicious and able manner.

Resolved, That in his death, his family has lost an affectionate husband and a kind and indulgent father: the social circle in which he moved, a genial friend, society a brilliant ornament and the country a patriotic and useful citizen. While he died, as it were, in the very prime of life, yet he has done his work so well that he leaves behind him many evidences of his ability as a writer and of his influence as a journalist.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of this Board, and a copy thereof be sent by the Secretary to the family of the deceased.

ACTION OF THE WESTERN ASSOCIATED PRESS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING AT DETROIT, OCTOBER 26th, 1887.

The following paper was presented by Wm. Henry Smith, on behalf of the special committee, and the same was unanimously approved.

In the death of General James M. Comly the country has lost an upright and patriotic citizen, the profession of journalism a brilliant member, and his family an affectionate and devoted head. In all of the relations of life he was honorable and true.

Bred to two of the most important professions—the law and journalism—he chose the latter as being more congenial, and as opening a wider field for usefulness. If his choice had been otherwise, who can doubt that he would have won honorable distinction at the bar?

When the integrity of the Union was menaced in 1861, he was amongst the first to respond to the call of the President, and although appointed originally as Lt. Colonel of the 43rd Ohio Infantry, he accepted lower rank in the 23rd Ohio, then in the field, in order to get into active service: and at the close of the war he was Colonel of the regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, the latter having been earned by gallant and faithful services in the field. We recall with pride, the fact that in this service he lived up to that high standard of patriotic devotion to his country, and of humane regard for the interests and welfare of his fellow-soldiers, that have ever characterized noble minded soldiers in all ages.

The war ended, he modestly resumed his place in the community, with which he had been identified as boy and man: and brought to the editorship of the Ohio State Journal, the same noble purposes, the same devotion to duty, and the same regard for the rights of others, as made his career so honorable as a soldier of the Republic.

In a word, as citizen, soldier, director of the press, representative of his government abroad, friend or opponent, James M. Comly was able, faithful, courteous and manly, and it is just and proper that this expression of the sentiments of the members of the Western Associated Press should be spread upon the records of the Association. And be it also

Resolved, That the President and Secretary be requested to transmit a copy of this report to Mrs. Comly, with assurances of our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of trial.





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